

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

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Boston, January, 1885.

No. 8.

Wonderful White Winter.

Wonderful white winter!
We must clap our hands at you;
You are cold, and we are cold,
And there is nothing else to do.
You and I are glad, are glad,
When the snow comes flying
down,
And the ice-drops fair leap out of
the air
To hang on the branches brown!
Wonderful white winter!
It is when you first begin,
With berries fine the churches
shine;
That is how we bring you in.
Don't you love the ding-dong
bells?
Don't you love the hearty cheer,
The merry blaze, the good old
plays,
When you fetch the little New
Year?
Wonderful white winter!
We will make a league with
you;
You must know of want and woe,
Tell us what one ought to do.
Must we feed your little birds?
Shelter to the homeless lend?
Comfort and aid the poor and
afraid?
That we will, my brave old
friend.

A Song in Winter.

My little bird is in the storm;
I wonder if his feet are warm;
The snow is flying 'round his
head—
He has no blanket and no bed.
I wish he'd come within my door,
It seems so cold to sing and soar;
But to the gentle words I say,
He turns, and sings, and hops
away.
Dear child, you yet may serve
him well,
With crumbs upon the window
sill;
And teach each thoughtless girl
and boy
To never harm him or destroy.



FEEDING THE BIRDS IN WINTER.

The New Year.

Another year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be,
In working or in waiting,
Another year with Thee.
Another year of progress,
Another year of praise;
Another year of proving
Thy presence "all the days."
Another year is dawning!
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee.
—F. R. Havergal.

Right Living.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of
thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.
—H. Bonar.

Be Careful and Kind.

Pray, be gentle little sister!
Softly touch those painted
wings,
Butterflies and moths, remember,
Are such very tender things!
Carefully, my pretty wee one,
Press the sheltering twigs aside
Just to view the naked nestlings
Safely sleeping side by side!
Gently stroke the playful kitten;
Kindly pat the patient dog;
Let your unmolested mercy
Spare the worm, the snake, the
frog!
Wide is God's great world around
us;
Room enough for all to live;
Mar no creature's brief happiness,
Take not what you cannot give.
Ever let your heart be tender,
For the mute and helpless plead;
Pitying leads to prompt relieving,
Kindly thought to kindly deed.
—Ayr Barnsley.
Over-Brook, Penn.

Prof. Bartholomew and General Sherman.

The Prof. says there is no secret about my business. I have seen it claimed by men familiar with the horse, that it is absolutely necessary to use the whip frequently in order to get the horse to do anything. That is not true. I use the whip very little and principally to liven the horses and make them quicker. The first thing to be done is to gain the horse's confidence. The horse must know that you mean to treat him right, and that you do. He knows about what is right with very little instruction. He understands, too, how far punishment is deserved, and when it is overdone. Some people treat a horse as if it were his nature to be ugly. Now the horse is very rarely ugly by nature, and when he balks, kicks or runs away he does it in the belief that he is defending himself. The most important thing is to get the horse to understand what you want him to do. Sometimes he may do what is desired, but it may be simply by chance, and the next time the horse is asked to do the same thing and fails, perhaps the whip is applied to overcome his supposed obstinacy. That is not right. Be sure he knows what it is you want him to do. Horses closely resemble the human family in their dispositions and degrees of intelligence. It is not necessary that the horse should be of good breed in order to make him susceptible to teaching. Some of the most tractable and intelligent horses I have are common cart horses. The horse possesses memory, and upon that concession it must be admitted that he can also think. After you have imbued him with the idea that you desire him to learn, you can make him do anything within the scope of his capabilities. My horses understand everything I say to them, and give the whole performance at the word of command. A great many persons are under the impression that I have a show all marked out, which I give continually, just the same way, in every particular, and that, therefore, the horses go through routine work in a mechanical manner. Now, the best proof of the assertion I make, that the horses understand me, is to be found in the fact that I can give any part of my programme at any time. In Washington, two years ago, Gen. Sherman, who ought to know something about horses, was greatly interested in my performance, and especially in the drill. To gratify him and a number of army officers and military men, I gave a special matinee, and they selected the features of the entertainment, changing the movements of the drill as they desired, and rearranging the entire programme. The horses obeyed the word of command just as though I had put them through the regular performance. Their perception is keen, and they learn much from observation and association, so much so that almost any one of my scholars will perform the minor duties of any other if called upon to do so. They are affectionate, and know each other so well that temporary separation causes them much anxiety. Some of them if parted for any length of time would pine away and become sick.

Thrushes.

A friend of mine, an animal preserver, lived at Southwell, when a gardener used to bring him in a daily number of thrushes. At last he said to him, "Why do you keep bringing me in so many thrushes?" "Why," said the gardener, "they are eating all my strawberries." "I don't believe it," said my friend; "I will come in and see." So in he went accordingly, and found the gardener, with gun in hand, ready to shoot a blackbird that had just dropped in among the strawberries. "There," said the gardener, "you see, don't you, what he is doing?" and sulking the action to the word, raised his gun to his shoulder to shoot. "Stop," said my friend, "let us see if it is as you say;" when presently the bird rose up with something in its mouth and flew over the wall into the adjoining grounds. "Now," said my friend, "let us go and see what he has got." They went and found the bird breaking a snail's shell. "There," said my friend, "you see it is the snails that eat your strawberries, and not the birds;" as a more careful examination subsequently proved. Need I say he killed no more thrushes on that account. The fact was, the summer being dry, the snails harbored there, the thrushes found them, and were taking them as food for their young ones.

—Levi Lee, in *London Live Stock Journal*.

The Loon.

The following is an account of the loon, by the best observer of birds in America:

One of the strong and original strokes of nature was when she made the loon. It is always refreshing to contemplate a creature so positive and characteristic. He is the great diver and flyer under water. The loon is the *genus loci* of the wild northern lakes, as solitary as they are. Some birds represent the majesty of nature, like the eagles; others its ferocity, like hawks; others its cunning, like the crow; others its sweetness and melody, like the song birds. The loon represents its wildness and solitariness. It is a cousin to the beaver. It has the feathers of a bird and the fur of an animal, and the heart of both. It is in the strictest sense an aquatic fowl. It can barely walk upon the land, and one species at least cannot take flight from the shore. But in the water its feet are more than feet and its wings more than wings. It plunges into this denser air and flies with incredible speed. Its head and beak form a sharp point to its tapering neck. Its wings are far in front and its legs equally far in the rear, and its course through the crystal depths is like the speed of an arrow. I had never seen one until last fall, when one appeared on the river in front of my house. I knew instantly it was a loon. Who could not tell a loon a half-mile or more away, though he had never seen one before? The river was like glass, and every movement of the bird as it sported about broke the surface into ripples that revealed it far and wide. Presently a boat shot out from shore and went rippling up the surface towards the loon. The creature at once seemed to divine the intentions of the boatmen and sidled off obliquely, keeping a sharp lookout as if to make sure it was pursued. A steamer came down and passed between them, and when the way was again clear the loon was still swimming on the surface. Presently it disappeared under the water, and the boatmen pulled sharp and hard. In a few moments the bird reappeared some rods farther on, as if to make an observation. Seeing it was being pursued and no mistake, it dived quickly and when it came up again had gone many times as far as the boat in the same space of time. Then it went under again and distanced its pursuer so easily that he gave over the chase and rested on his oars. But the bird made a final plunge and when it came up was over a mile away. Its course must have been, and doubtless was, an actual flight under water and half as fast as the crow flies in the air.

The loon with its wild laughter awakening the echoes on solitary lakes would have delighted the old poets.

The Midget Sheep.

The very smallest of all kinds of sheep is the tiny Breton species. It is too small to be very profitable to raise, for, of course, it cannot have much wool, and as for eating, why, a hungry man could eat almost a whole one at a meal. It is so small, when full-grown, that it can hide behind a good-sized bucket. It takes its name from the part of France where it is most raised. But, if not a profitable sheep, it is a dear little creature for a pet, for it is very loving, and because it is so small, it is not such a nuisance about the house as was the celebrated lamb which belonged to a little girl named Mary.

If any person whom it likes is pleased about anything, and shows it by laughing, the little sheep will frisk about with every sign of joy; but if, on the contrary, this person sheds tears, the sympathetic friend will evince its sorrow in an equally unmistakable way. A kind word and a loving caress will fill it with happiness, while a cross word or harsh gesture will cause it evident distress.

A lean young man, who fell in love with a very fleshy young woman, confessed that he was infatuated.

A great wag—a dog's tail.

Flash Literature.

For the past year every newspaper in the land has had to bear witness to the folly and crime that are the fruits of this infamy. The villainous stuff that is spawned by cheap and greedy publishers and is made to tickle adolescent readers and stimulate their worst passions is probably doing more than all other permissible social influence to neutralize the work of parents, teachers, legislators, and preachers. The poison streams out in all directions. It is taken stealthily into the home and the workshop; it makes crime heroic; it teaches that disobedience to authority is manly and brave; it throws a sickly charm about bravado, recklessness and vice; it destroys that respect for the person which civilization has been nearly two centuries trying to foster, and it condones violence by mixing it up with melodramatic pathos. The immediate outcome of this poisoning may be seen in the organization of infantile crime. A few weeks ago a gang of juvenile desperadoes was broken up in the western part of this State. The culprits were not fatherless waifs, but the children of well-to-do and respectable parents. The other day we had the same news from Quincy, where a secret organization of children was discovered which was trying to make petty larceny heroic, according to the flash standard. Later we are startled to hear from Philadelphia of a lad in an infant school, who when reprimanded by his teacher, drew a revolver on her, and when the trustees examined the scholars they captured no less than seven pistols. All this affords amusement for the unthinking, but it is very sad for the reflecting man.

—New York World.

And we add that if there ever was a time when the humane influence of our Bands of Mercy was needed in this country, for the protection of both animals and human beings, it is now.—EDITOR.

Lord Nelson

Was a skillful officer, and died, as the world says, "in all his glory." His banner was his shroud, the roar of cannon was his dirge, and the shout of victory was his requiem.

In the list of naval heroes his name stands foremost, and they who love the navy have learned to honor him. But the poor sailor, who, a few months since at the risk of his own life saved a mother's only child, gained a truer glory than ever shone around the victories of the distinguished warrior. How false, how unjust the estimate which the world places on the actions of men. He who dies on the battlefield—who rushes to carnage and strife—whose hands are dripping with human gore—is a man of honor. Parliaments and senates return him thanks, and whole nations unite in erecting a monument over the spot where his remains sleep.

But he whose task it is to dry up the stream of blood—to mitigate the anguish of earth—to lift man up, and make him what God designed him to be—dies without a tongue to speak his eulogy, or a monument to mark his fall.

—Eddy.

[This may be true now, but we believe the time is coming when the hero will be he who saves life, not he who destroys.

Then peace will over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song,
That now the angels sing.]

Do Something.

I see in this world two heaps of human happiness and misery. Now, if I take but the smallest bit from one heap, and add it to the other, I carry a point. If, as I go home, a child has lost a half-penny, and if, by giving it another, I can wipe away its tears, I feel that I have done something. I should be glad, indeed, to do greater things; but I will not neglect this.

—John Newton.



Officers of Parent American Band of Mercy.

Geo. T. Angell, President, Samuel E. Sawyer, Vice President, Rev. Thomas Timmins, Secretary, Joseph L. Stevens, Treasurer.

Band of Mercy Pledge.

"I will try to be kind to all HARMLESS living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge.

M. S. P. C. A.

on our badges mean, "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

Band of Mercy Information.

We send without cost to every person in the world who asks, full information about our Bands of Mercy,—how to form, what to do, how to do it, &c., &c. To every Band formed in America of forty or more, we send, also without cost, "Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals," full of anecdote and instruction, our monthly paper, *OUR DUMB ANIMALS*, for one year, containing the best humane stories, poems, &c. Also a leaflet of "Band of Mercy" hymns and songs. To every American teacher who forms an American Teacher's Band of twenty or more, we send all the above and a beautiful imitation gold badge pin.

We have badges, beautiful membership cards for those who want them, and a membership book for each Band that wants one, but they are not necessary unless wanted. All that we require is simply signing our pledge: "I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage." The machinery is so simple that any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost whatever, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

To those who wish to purchase badges, hymn and song leaflet, cards of membership, and a membership book for each Band, the prices are for badges, gold or silver imitation, eight cents; ribbon, four cents; hymn and song leaflet, fifty cents a hundred; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, six cents. The "Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole ten bound together in one pamphlet, full of anecdote as well as instruction.

Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a good, kind act, to make the world happier and better, is earnestly invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 96 Tremont Street, Boston, Massachusetts, and receive full information

An Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings.

1—Sing Band of Mercy hymn and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies].

2—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last Meeting by Secretary.

3—Readings, Recitations, "Memory Gems," and Anecdotes of good and noble sayings, and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.

4—Sing Band of Mercy Hymn.

5—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.

6—Enrollment of new members.

7—Sing Band of Mercy Hymn.

Orders for the enlarged collection of Melodies in book form can now be filled forthwith. For fifty copies or upwards, at the rate of \$2.00 per 100. Three cents each for smaller quantities.

New Bands of Mercy formed by Mass. S. P. C. A.

THE AMERICAN TEACHERS' BANDS OF MERCY.

390. Waterbury, Conn. Saw Mill Plain Band.
P. & S., Mary F. Porter.
391. Joliet, Ill. Little Helpers' Band.
P., Carrie Rood.
S., N. L. Grinpe.
392. Joliet, Ill. The Worker's Band.
P., Frankie Champion.
S., Annie Grady.
393. Rheatown, Tenn. Oakdale Band.
P., Maggie Obaugh.
S., Viola B. Obaugh.
T., Lizzie Winslow.
394. La Porte, Ind. The Little Workers' Band.
P. & S., Margaret A. Richards.
395. Kansas City, Mo. Golden Rule Band.
P. & S., Mariette Little.
396. Rock Island, Ill. Greenbush Juvenile Band.
P., L. J. Churchill.
S., J. A. Dolly.
397. Quincy, Wis.
P. & S., Mrs. E. E. Dunn.
398. Joliet, Ill. Our Country Boys and Girls Band.
P. Thomas Larkin.
S., Bernard Larkin.
T., Allie Brannan.
399. Cumberland, R. I. Pond Lilly Band.
P., Henry F. Adams.
S., Hattie E. Dirk.
400. Greenville, N. H. Granite State Band.
P., James H. Downs.
S., Annie P. Stevenson.
401. Joliet, Ill. High School Band.
P., Ella V. Fitch.
402. Chicago, Ill. A. C. Story Band.
P. & S., Mary E. Skelly.
403. Joliet, Ill. East Side Intermediate School Band.
P., Hettie Mort.
S., Curtis Weeks.
T., May Beary.
404. Farmington, Mo. College Band.
P. & S., C. W. Cotton.
405. West Hartford, Conn. Sweet Violet Band.
P., Fred E. Hyde.
S., Patrick Murphy.
T., Chas. Goodrich.
406. Cochran, Pa. Good Will Band.
P., Elizabeth Patton.
S., Belinda Brittain.
407. Joliet, Ill. Bergh Band.
P., Geo. Schring.
S., Minnie Finney.
408. Replete, West Va. Webster Co. Band.
P., E. S. Smith.
S., S. J. Ware.
T., E. W. Moats.
409. Bally, Pa. Good Will Band.
P. & S., Geo. W. Melchior.
3552. Orleans, Mass. Meth. Epis. S. S. Ch. Band.
P. Solomon Crosby.
S., Asa O. Smith.
3556. Govanstown, Md. Presbyterian Ch. S. S. Band.
P., Rev. H. G. Martin.
3557. So. Waterford, Me.
P. & S., M. E. Shurtleff.
3569. Straight University, New Orleans, La. Henry Bergh Band.
P., R. C. Hitchcock.
S., Katie Gunner.
3670. Geo. T. Angell Band.
P., Leonidas Burbridge.
S., Elizabeth Stevenson.

We have the names of a quite considerable number of additional Bands, without the officers. When these are sent in they will be added to the published list.

Degrees of Discipline.

"I am not in this discussion about Bands of Mercy," said the principal of one of the public schools to a representative of this paper yesterday, "but I do know that its introduction into my school has reduced the degree of discipline required at least one half. It has a very marked effect on the conduct of the children towards their teachers, and towards each other."

—Rochester Democrat.

A few hundred of the leaflet Melodies are for sale at 50c. per hundred.

Bands of Mercy.

Twin sister to the "Society for Preventing Cruelty to Children," is the "Band of Mercy," which is organized for the scarcely less laudable purpose of preventing cruelty to animals, and to all things that have sentient life. These organizations are multiplying in this and other lands—in Philadelphia alone there are over 7,000 children enrolled in such Bands, and in the nation there are over 75,000. In England 175,000 children are enrolled as members, and educated in the principles of humanity to all living creatures.

The incalculable value of the education gained, and strong impressions made by the frequent gatherings of these Bands, with the beautiful talks, the singing, the lectures and the readings, which are all directed to the one purpose of protecting sentient beings from wanton or needless suffering, can be appreciated only by those whose hearts know what sympathy means—and who thoroughly consider how much of wanton cruelty and torture and suffering are daily inflicted on men, women and children, animals, birds, insects—all creatures that have sentient life.

A lady in West Philadelphia, Mrs. A. L. Chamberlain, is giving her attention to the organization and instruction of such Bands of Mercy—appealing to teachers, ministers, educators and parents—to the city mayor and police, and to all that have position, authority, and influence in church, Sunday-school, day-school or family—to help in this good work.

For several months this lady has been engaged in organizing and conducting the "Henry Bergh Band of Mercy." Its members are called together at her own house—and there instructed in the principles of love, mercy and kindness, by readings, recitations, singing appropriate pieces, and talks from herself and others whom she has invited to assist in the blessed work.

Rude children have been made well-behaved, and inspired with the spirit of love and mercy—not only to dumb creatures, but also to one another. Two of the little boys, members of the Band, found in a tin can which a fisherman had used to carry bait, two little fishes nearly dead; they at once put water in the can, revived the fishes, and then took them to the river and put them in their native element, there to enjoy life again.

A butcher, who had been heartless and cruel in bringing beasts to his slaughter-yard, and in slaughtering them with needless pangs and sufferings, having been remonstrated with by this lady, changed his mode of doing, and thus saved the poor victims from many a needless pang that was common and unthought of, yet easily preventable before.

The children of her evening school, when they see horses abused, or wayworn, or other animals in lingering pains, at once plead and act for their relief, either by securing to such animals a painless death, if death it must be, or immediate relief from their sufferings. Of course kind feelings are engendered toward more exalted beings of the human kind.

Now who can fail to see that the saving of distress and pain that may be secured even by this one band of two hundred, during the coming years of their lives, and during the lives of all they may influence, is to bear no small part in the hastening of that coming day of universal peace and loving-kindness when men and nations shall learn war no more; the lion shall be like the lamb: meekness and good-will shall reign in every heart; bird and beast and creeping thing shall not fear the presence of man as a foe; and the people of every nation shall be loving friends and neighbors—

"When each shall feel a brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part,
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

Thus on the heavenly hills,
The 'Bands' are blest above—
Where joy, like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love."

—W. B. O., in *Sunday Hour*, Phila.

If any who have ordered the new and enlarged collection of Band of Mercy Melodies have failed to receive them, an immediate notification is desired.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

*Boston, January, 1885.**Mr. Angell*

Left Boston on his humane mission Wednesday, Dec. 3rd, accompanied by Mrs. Angell, arriving at New Orleans the next Saturday. A generous hospitality awaited them at the fine residence of Mr. and Mrs. George Nicholson, proprietors of the Picayune. Mr. Angell's New Orleans address is—*Superintendent Humane Division, Department of Agriculture, World's Exposition.*

The December Directors' meeting was held on the 17th, Samuel E. Sawyer, Esq. in the chair. It was reported that in November office prosecuting agents had investigated 110 complaints of cruelty, prosecuted 8, had 20 animals taken from work as unfit for labor, and 40 humanely killed. Interesting letters were read from several superintendents of horse railways in relation to their care for the comfort of their horses. Measures had been taken to have a public drinking fountain kept open for horses during a portion of the winter at the expense of a lady member of the Society. Bands of Mercy now number 3861, with upwards of 249,000 members.

Rev. Mr. Timmins.

In our December issue this gentleman was noted as having begun his merciful work at Toledo, Ohio. He has labored in that city with apostolic zeal, and now reports the formation of 155 Bands of Mercy with 9400 members.

New Orleans.

The *New Orleans Picayune* gives a column and a half to two columns every Monday to the prevention of cruelty to animals. Seven Bands of Mercy have already been formed in the city. The "*Pioneer*," formed by Mrs. Geo. Nicholson; "*Pearl Rivers*," "*Daisy*," "*Dixie*," "*Rose-bud*," "*Quaker*," and "*Cleveland*," named from the President elect, who is himself a member of a Buffalo band.

A Gift for the New Year.

Mrs. Sarah S. Mackay of Gloucester, now not far from a centenarian, and with mind undimmed, sends ten dollars to the American Band of Mercy, "wishing all success to the good cause."

A cause that enlists her wise co-operation deserves success and must succeed.

A Dog Story.

When I was in Ireland, 1847, several dogs were given to me. One, a Scotch terrier, I placed in charge of one of my officers. The dog lodged in his room and always kept near him night and day, excepting when he went aloft, then he would go as near the "Jacob's ladder," on which the officer mounted, as he could, and watch until he came down. On arrival home the dog was taken to Dorchester; after some days of deliberation as to the disposition to be made of my dogs, I gave the terrier to my brother. I brought him in the covered box of my dog cart and delivered him to John with injunctions to keep him tied up several days and to be fed only by him. This was done, and then the dog was allowed his liberty. He was soon missing, and it turned up that he went to Dorchester, some three miles from here, and found his friend, my fourth mate.

—R. B. F.

Mr. Geo. T. Angell,

President of the Massachusetts Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, has accepted an invitation to go to the New Orleans World's Fair, and act as the superintendent of the humane division of the Department of Agriculture. His office will be denoted by proper signs or placards, which will signify its devotion to the "Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." During certain hours every day he will be there to give information to all seeking it in regard to societies for that humane purpose. Humane literature will be gratuitously distributed by him. His stay in New Orleans may be for the whole of the winter. All persons having humane books, literature, or pictures in the same line, who are willing to have them gratuitously distributed, are invited to forward them immediately to Mr. Angell, at New Orleans. His address in New Orleans will be, "Humane Division, Department of Agriculture, World's Exposition, New Orleans, La." Mr. Angell goes, as above stated, by urgent invitation, his main purpose being missionary work in that extended part of the country. It is only on such grounds that his friends and co-operators in Massachusetts are reconciled to his prolonged absence. They believe, with him, that he is but pursuing the calls of duty to which he cannot turn a deaf ear. His active work there will be the establishment of State and local societies having humanity for their aim and inspiration. The south and south-west is a field yet to be entered and occupied by the advocates and agents of this great cause, and the devoted President of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals goes forth the pioneer in this truly noble work. Let him be generously sustained with the sympathies and practical assistance of all who have this cause at heart. We can assure the people of the south-west, who are ready and waiting to welcome the coming of this devoted servant of humanity, that he bears with him the warmest and sincerest wishes of all his associates in this section, who will bear the expected reports of his success with no less satisfaction than gratitude. May he return safe, bringing the abundant sheaves of his success with him.

—*Massachusetts Ploughman, Nov. 29.**Bits from the Picayune.*

—We started our band in this manner. We had heard and read of Mr. Angell's great work. He sowed the seed.

We began with three boys—one would do as well. We told them of the men, women, boys and girls the world over who had promised to protect "all"—not dumb animals only, but all from cruel usage. We told them of how the Creator had put man to care for the inferior animals, those who could not speak for themselves, thus enlisting the sympathy of these three boys; they took the pledge, and we said, "Go and tell all the other boys." And day after day ever since our band has increased. As each new member comes to join, we talk to him of his own pets, and many tales we hear of the tricks "my dog" knows, how intelligent he is, or of what the parrot says, or the wonderful doings of the family cat. We encourage their confidence, until, as the fire grows with the fanning, the boys' hearts warm with love for the dumb creatures, and they resolve to protect them from the cruelty of others, and what is better, to set the example of kindness.

—The Cleveland Band of Mercy is composed of young colored boys. One of the members reported to its President that one of the boys had been seen beating a dog. "Yes," said the culprit, "but that was before this thing was made up."

—An agent of the Humane Society was talking to the pupils of a Chicago school, for the purpose of organizing them into a Band of Mercy. The pledge was written on the blackboard, and all the pupils except one held up their hands to indorse it. Johnnie's teacher asked for an explanation. The young hopeful replied, "Well, I'll tell you. Bill Daley sanded me yesterday and smashed my face, and I want to lick him first, and then I'll join."

Mrs. Hawthorne's Pet.

Mamma had been very fond of our kitten, which was a remarkably bright and pretty one, and used to come and lie on her bed, and cuddle up under her chin in the mornings. But the day she was taken ill kitty had disappeared, and we never saw her again.

—*Una Hawthorne's description of her mother's last sickness.**Mrs. Mary F. R. Ripley.*

This good lady was buried in the cemetery at Hanover, Mass. The inscriptions upon her monument will interest many who once knew and honored her.

On the first side are the words:

"In grateful remembrance of Mrs. M. F. R. Ripley, the wife of Rev. Silas Ripley, who died in Boston, March 19, 1881, aged 72 years and 4 months."

On the other side:

"She was a successful teacher, a true wife and a generous benefactor. Her heart was deeply touched by the unmerited sufferings of the humbler creatures, and she did what she could for their protection. The infinite love of God was to her a fact and an inspiration."

Mrs. Ripley's name has a permanent place on the roll of benefactors of the Mass. Society P. C. A.

There can be no impropriety in now stating that she gave, at sundry times, a sum not less than five thousand dollars to the Society. This is a large sum by any standard, but very large when regard be had to the frugality and self denial which made such gifts possible for her.

In grateful remembrance of her worthy example, and in recognition of all she was and did, this brief reference in the paper of the Society is made.

Burrongs and the Owl.

A winter neighbor of mine in whom I am interested, and who perhaps lends me his support after his kind, is a little red owl, whose retreat is in the heart of an old apple-tree just over the fence. Where he keeps himself in spring and summer I do not know, but late every fall, and at intervals all winter, his hiding-place is discovered by the jays and nut-hatches, and proclaimed from the tree-tops for the space of half an hour or so, with all the powers of voice they can command. Four times the present winter they have called me out to behold this little ogre feigning sleep in his den, sometimes in one apple-tree, sometimes in another. Whenever I hear their cries, I know my neighbor is being berated. The birds take turns at looking in upon him and uttering their alarm-notes. Every jay within hearing comes to the spot and at once approaches the hole in the trunk or limb, and with a kind of breathless eagerness and excitement takes a peep at the owl, and then joins the outcry. When I approach they hastily take a final look and then withdraw and regard my movements intently. After accustoming my eye to the faint light of the cavity for a few moments, I can usually make out the owl at the bottom feigning sleep. Feigning, I say, because this is what he really does, as I first discovered one day when I cut into his retreat with the axe. The loud blows and the falling chips did not disturb him at all. When I reached in a stick and pulled him over on his side, leaving one of his wings spread out, he made no attempt to recover himself, but lay among the chips and fragments of decayed wood, like a part of themselves. Indeed, it took a sharp eye to distinguish him. Not till I had pulled him forth by one wing, rather rudely, did he abandon his trick of simulated sleep or death. Then, like a detected pickpocket, he was suddenly transformed into another creature. His eyes flew wide open, his talons clutched my finger, his ears were depressed, and every motion and look said "Hands off, at your peril." Finding this game did not work, he soon began to "play 'possum" again. I put a cover over my study wood-box and kept him captive for a week. Look in upon him at any time, night or day, and he was apparently wrapped in the profoundest slumber; but the live mice which I put into his box from time to time found his sleep was easily broken; there would be a sudden rustle in the box, a faint squeak, and then silence. After a week of captivity I gave him his freedom in the full sunshine: no trouble for him to see which way and where to go.

Just at dusk in the winter nights, I often hear his soft *bur-r-r-r*, very pleasing and bell-like. What a furtive, woody sound it is in the winter stillness, so unlike the harsh scream of the hawk. But all the ways of the owl are ways of softness and duskiness. His wings are shod with silence, his plumage is edged with down.

Half the cruelty in the world is the direct result of stupid incapacity to put one's self in the other man's place.

American Humane Association.

The Eighth Annual Meeting was held in the Monongahela House, Pittsburgh, Pa., November 19, 1884. It was called to order by President Edwin Lee Brown of Chicago. Prayer was offered by Prof. L. H. Eaton of Pittsburgh.

Mr. J. L. Cravens was appointed Secretary pro tem. Mr. J. G. Walter delivered an address of welcome, to which the President replied, and expressed his thanks to the Pittsburgh Humane Society. The President spoke at some length on the transportation of live stock and the cattle cars which the Association would be called on to consider. He also announced the regretted resignation of Secretary Firth. He closed by stating that the object of the convention was a conference of the delegates from local societies and a review of the past year's work.

Reports of the Trustees of the Supreme Court Fund and of the Trustees of the Car prize Fund were read by the Secretary and accepted. Messrs. L. H. Eaton, J. G. Walker, and P. F. Smith, committee of credentials, reported the attendance of thirty-eight delegates. Regrets of the Portland, (Oregon) Society at not being represented were read.

The report of the Sub-Executive Committee was read and placed on file. Miss Adele Biddle, from the special committee on school books, presented a report which was accepted. Reports from seventeen Humane Societies were read and approved.

President Brown recommended measures to prevent cock-fighting, by the police of several cities. Mr. Edmund Webster having stated that the Philadelphia Society usually paid policemen for making arrests for cruelty, the feasibility of the custom was discussed, pro and con. The president referred to the great benefits derived from the telephone in making arrests.

Mr. Hill, of Chicago, moved the appointment of a committee to formulate the purposes of the Association. The motion met with unanimous favor.

Mr. Shortall, of Chicago, offered a resolution that the Association hereafter act as a Congress of American societies to meet whenever called by an Executive Committee of five, to be chosen by this convention, said committee to be also empowered to prosecute and defend cases of cruelty of a national character, and to follow the instructions of the Association. After discussion, this and the motion of Mr. Hill were placed in the hands of the committee, consisting of Messrs. Shortall, Hill, Knowles, and Misses Biddle and Hall.

SECOND DAY.

The committee on the resolution of Mr. Shortall and the motion of Mr. Hill reported "inexpedient to change in any way the form of organization."

Messrs. Smith, Eaton and Knowles were appointed a committee to take action on the resignation of Secretary Firth. Subsequently they reported resolutions extending to him the sympathy of the Association, and warmly approving the "devotion, intelligence, liberality and great personal influence" with which his duties, as an officer of the Association, had been performed. The report was accepted and the Secretary ordered to forward a copy to Mr. Firth.

A telegram was received from the Connecticut Humane Society regretting its inability to send delegates.

The President appointed committees on nominations, on future work, and on finances. Messrs. McKenna, Douglass, Dore, and Appleton, and Mrs. White were appointed a Committee on Legislation.

Mr. Shortall offered a resolution favoring the establishment of a general *abattoir* and a hospital for sick and disabled animals, especially cattle, and commending the action of the Board of Health of Pittsburgh in this direction. Accepted and ordered to be filed.

The Finance Committee reported in favor of judicious expenditures; noted the benefits already derived from disbursements in humane work, and requested the continuance of contributions.

The Committee on Future Work reported that two important fields for effort exist. First—improving the present methods of transporting domestic animals. Second—a more extensive dissemination of humane literature. They recommended the appointment of agents to supervise shipments of cattle at the principal ports of transfer, these agents to be selected by local societies and trained to the work. The maintenance of such agencies to be regulated by the sub-Executive Committee. Also, that a general

agent be appointed to travel and oversee the work of the local agents and report on the same. That the railway companies be invited to co-operate with the Association in its objects by providing proper stock cars and otherwise improving the methods of transporting animals. The Association is congratulated on the progress of humane education, and a wider distribution of humane publications recommended. The reports were accepted.

President Brown having called attention to the valuable services of Mr. Charlton of Chicago, in saving persons from drowning, on motion of Prof. Eaton a resolution was adopted gratefully recognizing his noble humanity.

Mr. Hill presented a resolution denouncing the useless slaughter of buffalo and game on the publiclands, and suggesting that the public authorities give the matter early attention with a view of suppressing the evil. Adopted.

A resolution offered by Mr. McKenna deprecating the use of the high check-rein on horses, as cruel and deserving suppression, brought to their feet Messrs. Peck, Hill, McCreery, and Smith, in condemnation of the practice. Adopted.

A vote of thanks to President Brown was passed for his example and services as presiding officer of the Association for the past seven years.

It was resolved, on motion of Mr. Peck, to amend the Constitution so as to increase the number of delegates from each society from five to nine, to include Humane societies as well as Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and giving authority to elect honorary members by a majority vote.

Rev. Thomas Timmins was introduced by Mr. Peck, who stated that he was engaged in forming Bands of Mercy throughout the United States, and read a letter from Rochester, N. Y., highly commending his ability to interest children. Mr. Peck moved that Mr. Timmins be made an honorary member of the Association, and the motion was adopted.

On motion of Mr. Landon, the following persons were elected honorary members, Mrs. William Appleton, Miss Annie Wigglesworth, and Mr. Abraham Firth, of Boston, and Mr. Edwin Lee Brown of Chicago.

Rev. Thomas Timmins addressed the Association explaining the work of Bands of Mercy.

On motion of Mr. Hill resolutions were adopted thanking the press of Pittsburgh for full and impartial reports of proceedings, the proprietors of the Monongahela House for excellent accommodations, the Humane Society of Pittsburgh and citizens of Pittsburgh for hospitality.

OFFICERS ELECTED FOR 1884-5.

President, John G. Shortall, Chicago, Ill.
Secretary, Thomas E. Hill, Chicago, Ill.
Treasurer, Mr. Levi Knowles, of Philadelphia, Penn.
Vice-Presidents, Henry Bergh, New York, N. Y.; George T. Angell, Nathan Appleton, Miss Annie Wigglesworth, Boston, Mass.; J. B. Lippincott, Mrs. S. K. Davidson, Miss Adele Biddle, Philadelphia, Pa.; T. F. Gatchell, Des Moines, Iowa; Thomas W. Palmer, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. J. C. Lord, Buffalo, N. Y.; D. R. Noyes, St. Paul, Minn.; T. E. O. Marvin, Portsmouth, N. H.; Charles McLaughlin, Portland, Me.; Henry B. King, Augusta, Ga.; Prof. L. H. Eaton, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Rodney Dennis, Hartford, Conn.; Miss May Dusenberry, Sing Sing, N. Y.; Mrs. H. B. Williams, Bristol, Vt.; Arthur MacArthur, Washington, D. C.; Rev. F. Denison, Providence, R. I.; Miss E. P. Hall, Rochester, N. Y.; Thomas Agens, Newark, N. J.; J. W. Winan, San Francisco, Cal.; Edwin Harrison, St. Louis, Mo.; Dr. John E. Smith, Wheeling, West Va.; Charles R. Frazer, Canton, Ohio; Edwin Lee Brown, Chicago, Ill.; W. T. McCoy, Q. C. and M. P. P., Halifax, N. S.; Charles Alexander, Montreal, Can.
Executive Committee, George T. Angell, Mrs. William Appleton, Nathan Appleton, Abraham Firth, Boston; John C. Dore, F. W. Peck, Thomas E. Hill, Chicago; Mrs. Caroline E. White, Samuel J. Levick, Philadelphia; Dr. G. L. Miller, Omaha; Joseph G. Walter, Pittsburgh; Mrs. L. L. Tift, Buffalo; Rev. G. E. Gordon, Milwaukee.

Money was pledged by Societies and members to the amount of \$1400. Adjourned to meet in 1885, the time and place to be fixed by the Executive Committee.

On the following day, by the courtesy of citizens, delegates were shown through the glass-works and the steel mills, and were treated to a trip up the "inclined plane." Afterward they were driven to the Highland reservoir, and upon their return were tendered a reception and repast by one of the prominent humane ladies of the city.

The hand of one person may express more than the face of another.

News from Kindred Societies.

—Rev. F. Denison, in the excellent notes and suggestions appended to the November report of Rhode Island Society P. C. A., well says:

"The present great wants of mankind lie in the direction of heart culture, intellectual enlightenment, and moral training, justice and mercy to all God's creatures."

—At the annual meeting of Rockland County Branch Society P. C. A., Nyack, N. Y., Dec. 6, President Moore and Secretary De Graff were re-elected. Suitable action was taken on the death of Robert G. Henderson, Esq., late counsel to the Society.

There was a presentation of an elegant silver castor with exquisitely cut glass bottles to the Secretary in token of kindly regard and appreciation of faithful services.

—Mr. J. A. C. Hill has been elected President of the Concord (N. H.) Society P. C. A.

—President Bergh has in the Christmas number of *Our Animal Friends*, an able and timely article on the cruel and disastrous practice of clipping and singeing horses.

—How a Fox Hunt became a fiasco on the 16th ult., through the summary action of the Washington S. P. C. A., is minutely told in the city papers.

A beautiful little fox, purchased for a pet and kept in a public window to interest the passers-by, inspired certain lookers-on to become mighty hunters,

WT hunting horns and bugles bright.

Pretty Reynard was bought and preparations made for a "meet." President MacArthur met the announcement with a reminder of fine or imprisonment, or both. The huntsmen cantered briskly off in the keen December air, receiving accessions on the way, among them a matron and a maiden, handsomely mounted, the latter having an attendant groom. Two other riders were there and as unwelcome as a skeleton at a feast. These were Police Officer Siack and Agent Key of the S. P. C. A., who ambled along with the party. After the District line had been passed it was intimated to Agent Key that his being a sorry nag he might as well, or better, ride on a rail. To this gentle threat artifice was added, yet the imperturbable Key rode on. Nearing the rendezvous he gave the master of the hounds a kindly caution about Maryland's penalty of \$250 fine and a year's imprisonment—a danger-signal that, after some stormy language at the halt, was discreetly obeyed by a quick trot homeward.

The promoter of the affair was minus the cost of an animal, and a little gray fox that was given an hour's start to resume his wild habits and get in good running order, found himself unexpectedly at liberty to do his own hunting.

—The San Francisco Society P. C. A., at its December meeting reported a goodly array of November statistics, among them 43 old, lame, and worn out horses taken from work, and the use of the ambulance five times for the removal of disabled animals.

—SWITZERLAND.—We are glad to know through the publications of the Geneva Society, and its distinguished Secretary, M. Eugene de Bude, of the good work done in Geneva for the protection of animals.

—"S. B. S.," of Rumney, N. H., was reminded by the drop of the mercury to 25° below zero to write to the Grafton Co. Journal that "the recent antics of the weather suggest to all to be especially watchful over the dumb animals, and see that they are prepared for and protected against such extreme cold."

—The zealous zoophilist, J. F. C. Kuhlman of Berlin, sends us an appeal of Ernest Kartung, Melbourne, Australia, to the German clergy, "the guardians of the gospel of love," to attack vivisection and thus "place themselves at the head of a movement which at no distant time must lay hold of the noblest thinkers of the whole nation."

A Lady, whose name is not given, sends us \$1 with the following:

"As a lady and a little boy were walking in one of our neighboring towns they saw a man in the road who was holding a horse by a rope, stationary, as apparently he could not succeed in making the animal stir a step. He was twitching the rope and swearing, and the bystanders were interested in his efforts. The lady stopped and said to him, 'Why not try gentleness, like Mr. Rarey; pat and coax him a little.' He acted on this suggestion, and in a short time the man and horse were on their way."

The Bell-Ringer and the Angels.

BY ERNEST W. SHURTLEFF, IN THE JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

The aged bellman climbed his lonely tower,

Where cooed the doves, each to its gentle mate,

Day's rosy footprints faded with the hour,

And shadows gathered at the chapel gate.

The years had crowned with white the old man's brow,

And from his life his dearest joys had flown,

The friends his hearth had cheered were dead, and now

Of all his kindred he was left alone.

His mellow bell the death of evening tolled,

O'er listening wood and glen the music rung;

Then night's blue gates were sealed with stars of gold,

And Beauty watched in heaven with silent tongue.

Soon, like a spirit of the quiet hour,

From eastern dreams the smiling moon arose,

And, through the lonely chapel's fretted tower

The slanting beams streamed in like silver snows.

The bellman tarried, gazing on the night;

He thought of all his kindred gone to rest,

He longed to view them in their glory bright,

And clasp again his children to his breast.

He thought of Easter's risen Lord. He thought

Of Mary weeping at her Master's feet;

And from his lips the prayer his mother taught

Fell, like an echo of his childhood, sweet.

When lo! two angels, clad in beauty rare,

Beside him stood, more bright than song can tell;

Pure thoughts of God had made their features fair,

And blessings from their lips like music fell.

The wondering bellman raised his trembling hand

To shield his eyes, with glory dimmed and dazed,

"Oh, speak!" he cried, "from what celestial land

Have ye descended?" Spelled with joy he gazed

Upon their shining brows, their gentle eyes;

And as their quiet answer charmed his ear,

He felt his joyous soul within him rise,

Glad as a bird that feels its freedom near.

"We are the angels Life and Death," they sung;

"Choose thou between us, which shall be thy guide!"

Dumb for a moment was the bellman's tongue,

Then, with a sudden thrill of joy he cried:

"What! Life and Death! I thought that Death was drear!

I thought he came with sorrow in his breath,—

But lo! ye both so mild, so bright appear,

I know not which is Life or which is Death!"

Then forth he stretched his trembling arm, and took

The nearer angel's shining garment-hem;

For in his eyes he saw a gentle look

That minded him of Christ of Bethlehem.

The Angel smiled, and he the smile returned;

"Art thou not Life?" he asked, with eager breath;

"Not so," the angel spake; "yet thou hast earned

Through me immortal joys; lo! I am Death!"

Night hurried on. The stars of morning gray

Grew dim; and in the east pale colors played:

The bellman's spirit then had passed away

To wear the crown his life on earth had made.

And this is dying!—that which man calls Death,

Not as a dark and fearful shadow comes:

It is an angel mild, with loving breath,

That does God's gentle bidding in our homes.

The Helper.

The world is full of good advice,
Of prayer and praise and preaching nice;
But generous souls who aid mankind
Are like to diamonds, hard to find.

Give like a Christian, speak in deeds:
A noble life's the best of creeds;
And he shall wear a royal crown
Who gives a lift when men are down.

No perfect manners without Christian souls.

Fourth of July.

ONLY LOOKED ON.

The music and patriotic speeches were over with the day; but the boys gathered at evening around a bright bonfire in the street, laughing and chattering, adding fresh fuel and stirring it to a brighter blaze. The cheerful light—and perhaps the warmth also, for it was a cool night—attracted one unlike the others of the group. A bare-footed, ragged boy drew near and hovered on the outer edge of the company for a few minutes, but presently made his way nearer to the fire and stood beside it in evident enjoyment.

Then the largest, roughest boy in the crowd suddenly discovered him.

"Hello, tatters! where did you come from?"

The boy tried to draw back, but he was too late.

"Bare feet and such a cap as that! Well, you're too fine entirely. Don't you know that kind of a cap is better roasted?" and a quick blow sent the faded head covering into the fire.

Its owner made a faint effort to recover it.

"That was mean, Jim," said one of the boys, faintly. The others said nothing, and one or two laughed.

The forlorn stranger drew back, escaped from the group and sat down on the door-step at a little distance, drawing his ragged sleeves across his eyes to wipe away the tears of anger and grief. A pitying, indignant little face looked down upon him from an upper window, and a pair of childish eyes that had watched the scene grew fearful in sympathy, and then brightened with the hope of comforting. Lily hurried away and was back in a few minutes with an out-grown cap of her brother's, a package of sandwiches and cookies, that she had coaxed in the kitchen, and a bright silver dollar of her own. She put the articles into the cap, fastened a string to it, and lowered it softly toward the boy on the steps, dropping the end of the string as it reached him.

"Why, Lily, what are you doing?" asked a voice, as she drew back.

Lily shook her bright hair and looked up at her brother.

"Doing what that speaker man said this morning. He said, 'Let some of your blessings fall into the laps of those who haven't so much;' and I did. It fell right straight into his lap, and I guess he didn't know whether it came from a window or from heaven, for he looked up real quick and queer and said, 'Thank you!' and then ran away."

Guy laughed and Lily's face looked reproachful.

"You were there by the bonfire all the time. O, Guy, I don't see how you could do it."

"Why, I didn't knock his cap off," said Guy; "it was Jim Gregg; he's a rough fellow always. I didn't do anything or say anything; and the other fellows didn't either."

"That was just the trouble," said his aunt, gravely. "I, too, watched the whole thing from the widow, Guy; and if I were going to talk to American boys on a day like this, I should care less about urging them to join this or that political party than about warning them against belonging to the great party in this world—those who only stand and look on. I believe they are responsible for the larger share of its evils. They do not help any good cause; they only look on and do nothing. They never hinder a wrong cause; they only watch and say nothing. O, Guy, did you ever think how our Lord's parable makes the final condemnation rest, not upon actual transgression, but upon omission? 'I was a stranger, sick and in prison, and ye did it not to me.' They only looked on and did nothing."

Not Polite.

Many things in which young people render themselves very impolite: Loud laughter; reading when others are talking; cutting finger-nails in company; leaving meeting before it is closed; whispering in meeting; gazing at strangers; leaving a stranger without a seat; a want of reverence for superiors; reading aloud in company without being asked; receiving a present without some manifestation of gratitude; making yourself the topic of conversation; laughing at the mistakes of others; joking others in company; correcting older persons than yourself, especially your parents; to commence talking before others are through; answering questions when put to others.

How to Stop it.

BY DIB.

Mamma, a dear little birdie is dead!

I saw it upon your new hat;

I wondered, dear mamma, while big tears I shed,

Who could have been cruel as that—

As to kill the birdie; mamma, do say,

Did little ones starve in their nest?

Or from cold and fright did they pass away,

For want of their dear mother's breast?

I know, mamma dear, the hat you'll not wear,

It will be sent back to the shop;

And, mamma, do tell the folks everywhere,

Such bad, wicked things, they must stop.

And mamma, May Perkins told me to-day,

A kitten's head is on her hat!

It most took my breath—but I tried to say,

"What if she should meet the ma cat?"

Seems to me, mamma, there are pretty things

Enough to be found everywhere;

Why must they kitties' heads, birdies and wings

Like sign-boards of cruelty wear?

Mamma, if ladies such things would not buy,

And let them remain in the shop,

Would not the traders then have a supply?

And would not the cruelty stop?

Quincy, Wis.

It Will Come Back to You.

You have a father? You have a mother? You love them. But once in a while you grow impatient, and the meanness of your nature crops out; it wrecks itself on an innocent father and mother, perhaps, and they suffer the punishment of a cross word called up by another's annoyance. The hard word is spoken. It may be regretted, forgiven, and forgot, but it can never be recalled. Father and mother will sigh and forgive, but—

Some day it will come back to you.

Yesterday, maybe, a little one ran up to you smilingly, and with the innocent heaven-born confidence of childhood, clapping its little hands, that would not harm a fly, in your face. The childish action delighted its author, but it annoyed you. You were busy and reproved the little one. Two pearly tears stood in her great blue eyes, her lips faltered, and she turned away from you. The era of childhood with its happy, fleeting hours, will erase the unkind word, but—

Some day it will come back to you.

A beggar stands at your door. The rain is pouring in torrents through the black atmosphere of the night, and the sharp vivid lightnings only intensify by their violent contrast the awfulness of the darkness. The beggar's plea for shelter is punctuated by the blast that howls forth its anger, and you turn your brother off.

It will come back to you.

If you are impatient, testy, ill-humored, spiteful, malicious, cowardly and mean, your whole life will be a constant reckoning with evil actions, whose enormity is only equalled by the increasing wickedness of the future; and an unatoned past is always the precursor of a more reprehensible future. A bad heart is a boomerang of passions, whose evil consequences always fall on the head of their luckless author. On the other hand, good deeds work in a similar way, with the rules that govern conclusions, causes and effects; if either good or bad, the result will be in conformity with the nature of the deed. Your bad deeds and good deeds are juries that sit upon the destiny of your life and decide the verdict of happiness or despair.

Some day they will come back to you.

What Tells.

It is not genius that tells on the world, but downright and honest hard work. Your brain may ferment and effervesce like a yeast pot, but unless you can settle down to steady toil you are worth no more to the community than a soap bubble, which bursts so soon that it is hardly worth one's while to stop to look at it. A good blacksmith is worth a round dozen of geniuses who wear long hair and Byronic collars and wonder why the world doesn't adore them.

Fun for Fred and Hero.

"Hero, Hero! where can that dog be? Oh here he comes," says Fred.

"Now, Hero, we will go and have a coast." Hero knows very well what his master means; and, at sight of the sled, jumps up and down, and wags his tail to show his joy.

"Jump on, Hero!" and at the word, Hero jumps on the sled and sits on his haunches, while Fred runs along as fast as he can with such a big load of dog to drag after him.

"Now, Hero, I have pulled you far enough. You must take the sled." Hero, jumping off, seizes the rope in his teeth, and, with some help from Fred, tugs the sled up the hill. When they come to the top, Hero takes his seat on the front part of the sled, and Fred gets on behind to steer.

Now they are all ready. Off they start in fine style, and much to the surprise of all the bystanders, glide swiftly to the foot of the hill, without once falling off.

Is not this good fun for Fred.

Alice and the Pigeon.

One morning in winter when our Alice, a dear little girl whom everybody loves, went to the window she saw on the sill, close to the window-pane, a pigeon shivering with cold. It did not seem to be afraid of her, though she saw its little pink eyes look right into her own.

"Oh, poor bird!" she said in pitying tones, raising the window gently, so that it might not be frightened away. Then she stepped back and waited to see if the bird would not come in. Pigeon raised its brown head in a half scared way, turned it to this side and to that, and, after looking first at the comfortable chamber, and then away at the snow-covered earth, quietly hopped on the sill inside.

"Little darling," said Alice, softly. Then she went for some crumbs of bread, which she scattered on the window sill. The pigeon picked them up with scarcely a sign of fear.

As soon as he had eaten all the crumbs he swelled his glossy throat, and cooed his thanks to his little friend, after which he darted away. Alice was glad that she had fed the bird, and hoped that it would return. It did return in the evening, and continued to come every day while the snow was on the ground, and at length became so fond of the little girl that it took its food from her hand. Every now and then it would stop and look up at its kind friend as much as to say, "Thank you for the nice food, you are so good!" We hope all our young readers will imitate Alice in kindness to the feathered creatures in winter time.

A Remarkable Incident.

While Mr. Alexander Shaw, at Kintrae, was in the fields the other day, he heard cries of a bird apparently in distress. Looking up he saw a lark hotly pursued by a hawk, which, by a series of fierce dashes, tried to secure his prey; but the lark was successful in evading the attacks. The hawk, however, was gaining the mastery, and the lark, terror-struck, seeing the man below, came down like an arrow and fluttered actually into his hand, where it cowered trembling. The pursuer followed until within six yards, but seeing what had occurred, he flew off in disgust. After a time the lark was liberated, when it soared upward, singing, doubtless, a song of gratitude to its deliverer. The circumstance is remarkable as showing how the great terror conquered the less—the instinct of preservation in the bird triumphing over its natural timidity.

—Elgin (Scotland) Courier.



SLIDING DOWN HILL.

The Wise Horses.

"O, mamma! will you come with us, and see the fire-engine horses?" exclaimed Fred, as he rushed into his mamma's room, followed by his younger brother, Charley. "Please come quick, or it will be too late!"

Their mother had promised the little boys, that, some day, she would go to the engine-house with them. So, as they happened to be let out of school half an hour earlier than usual, they had run home for mamma as fast as their feet could carry them; "because," said they, "we must be at the engine-house at twelve o'clock, if we wish to see the performances."

Mamma soon had on her hat; and holding Charley's plump hand, while Fred led the way as guide,—coming back to meet them two or three times,—they all hurried to the building where the steam fire-engine and the horses were kept.

Two or three firemen, dressed in blue coats, and shiny hats, were seated around a stove in the engine-room. A large clock stood in a corner of the room, and the hands pointed to five minutes of twelve. Mamma told the men that she had come with the little boys to see what the horses would do at the sound of the noonday bell.

The men were very polite; and Fred and Charley were soon so busy examining the engine and the hose carriage, with their brass trimmings, that five minutes passed away very quickly.

Then the great fire alarm-bell gave forth a loud peal. The gas in the room streamed up in a high flame; the door of the stable behind the engine-room seemed to fly open; a great stamping was heard, and two huge heads appeared in sight. Little Charley cuddled up closer to mamma; and even brave Fred looked somewhat startled.

That stroke of the bell only meant that it was twelve o'clock; but how were the horses to know that it did not mean "Fire"! It might have meant fire; and to them it never meant anything else.

So in they came without a word being said; took their places in front of the engine; waited about two minutes to see if they were wanted at a fire; and then, being sure that the alarm was a false one, meekly turned, and walked back to their stable.

Thus, whenever the fire-alarm sounds—night or day,—these faithful horses are at their posts ready for duty. They move at once, without waiting to be called a second time. Charley and Fred were greatly pleased at what they had seen; and mamma said there was a good example in it for little boys to follow.

—Mamma.

Winter Fun.

Oh, the merry, merry boys!
Coats and caps and mittens on,
Fearless of the frost and snow,
How they shout and leap and run!

Some with snowballs, some with sled,
Sliding, skating, hitching on,
In the clear, crisp, wintry air
All are having royal fun.

Houses, churches, bushes, trees,
Glitter in the fresh, white snow;
On the ground the fleecy spread
Shields the sleeping flowers below.

Winter is a merry time!
Is it merry time for all?
Think, dear children, of the poor,
In their houses cold and small.

Without food, or fire, or clothes,
Frost and snow are hard to bear;
In your frolics think of them,
Go, with them your blessings share.

Share what God has given you
With the hungry, sick and sad;
You will win his loving smile;
That will make you doubly glad.

Gentle Piggy.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

I lived on a farm where your mother was born, said grand-papa, and I never had a better time.

Once, when she was about the age of your little sister Bessie, she came running to me in the field in great glee, clapping her tiny hands and calling out, "Papa, papa, piggy's out; come home, papa, see pig!" I ran up to the house as quickly as possible, for I thought the pig would spoil all my peas and beans before I could catch him. Where do you think piggy was? You'll have to guess more than once. Why, he was standing very quietly by the side of cousin Louisa, eating strawberries from a large iron spoon, and wagging his little tail in perfect delight. She had had the habit of talking to and rubbing him with a stick, more or less every day, so that he was gentle as a kitten. You see that even a pig is gentle if treated kindly. Of course I had to put him back in the pen; and your mother cried as if her heart would break when she saw me take him by the ears, and heard him squeal.

—L. B. Urbino.

Lace.

Two ladies at the house of Mr. Welcome Allen at Factory Point, Vt., wishing to bleach three pieces of lace, placed them out on the grass in the front yard. The lace was left out all night, and on the following morning only two of the pieces could be seen. By nightfall only one piece remained. The ladies talked the matter over that evening, and decided to keep watch the next day, which they did, and in about an hour the watcher caught the culprit in the act. She saw a robin fly down from a tree in the yard, pick up the remaining bit of lace, and carry it back with it among the branches. Search then disclosed the nest, and it was seen that the missing pieces of lace had been used in adding to the comfort of red-breast's mate. The last piece of lace was a yard and three-quarters long, and it was amusing to see the robin work it around and weave it into the costly and cozy home. The ladies decided to let the birds have the lace, and a brood of young robins was reared in a very stylish manner.

In some churches the seats on the right are devoted exclusively to the ladies and those on the left to the gentlemen. The latter is called the *Aisle of Men*.

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The Society has about 500 agents throughout the State who report quarterly.

A Good Word for the Mule.

The popular notion seems to be that mules are of all created beings (except, perhaps, the mule's father,) the most contrary, and have the nimblest and most untrustworthy heels. But there are those who, knowing the mule well from long acquaintance, declare that no better beast of burden lives; that if properly treated and well trained in the earlier decade of their existence they are good-tempered, quiet and reasonably obedient; that to raise a mule requires less outlay of care and cash than required in raising a colt of like age; that when raised the mule will bring a better price than can be got for the average colt of the same size and age, and that the mule is tougher, will live far longer, do more work, and sometime or other will die harder than the best horse ever known.

—Chicago Tribune.

Hints for Young Horsemen.

Never pass behind a horse in the stable or place your hand upon him in the stall without first speaking to him. You may save life or limb by bearing this in mind. Be kind in word and manner to all horses. Do not whip even a "contrary" or balky horse; make him forget his ill or stubborn intent in some way, such as wrapping a mitten of newspaper about one or both ears; in studying to know what it means he soon forgets his notion of stopping, and at the prompt, decided, but not angry voice of his master, he moves along. In case of any accident do not shout or appear frightened; your excitement will at once be communicated to the horse. Instead, you should pacify and reassure him with firm, kind tones.

Form a habit of glancing all over your horse and harness before starting from the door. It may save life. In the winter be sure and have the bits covered with cloth or leather. On the road you may go pretty fast down hill and on level ground, if you are a good driver, but don't hurry up hill; never do so with a load; short pulls and rests by "trigging the wheels" will prolong the service of your horse.

—Chicago Herald.

Cases Reported at Office in November.

For beating, 16; overworking and overloading, 3; driving when lame or galled, 19; non-feeding and non-sheltering, 9; torturing, 10; driving when diseased, 5; general cruelty, 48.

Total, 110.

Disposed of as follows, viz: Remedied without prosecution, 36; warnings issued, 33; not found, 8; not substantiated, 24; anonymous, 1; prosecuted, 8; convicted, 6; pending, 1, [No. 654.]

Animals taken from work, 20; killed, 40.

Receipts by the Society in November.**FINES.**

From Justices' Court,—Wellesley, \$30; W. Stockbridge, \$5; Dedham, (paid at Jail,) \$15.
District Courts,—1st Plymouth, \$1; N. Middlesex, (2 cases), \$2; 1st E. Middlesex, \$10.
Police Court,—Lawrence, \$5.
Witness fees, \$11.40.

FROM MEMBERS AND DONORS.

A devoted friend to animals, \$10; Francis H. Peabody, \$10.

FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

Saville, Simes & Co., Boyd, Leeds & Co., A. Mudge & Son, Miss Borland, Mrs. M. C. Wharton, W. D. Pickman, Jno. L. Whiting, Carter, Dinsmore & Co.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Sophia L. Little, Fred J. Robinson, Mrs. Clara F. Berry, Anonymous.

Total, \$64.00.

SUBSCRIBERS.

Mrs. R. T. Willing, \$5; Josephine May, \$4; Mrs. J. W. Porter, \$2; Ernest Bell, \$1.28 M. B. Linton, \$1.20; Sarah Allison, \$2; Mrs. T. C. Caldwell, \$1.50; Clara Musselman, \$2.

ONE DOLLAR EACH.

M. S. Wheeler, M. O. Hill, E. Simmons, Sophia L. Little, Amelia C. Bisbing, J. Caldwell, O. W. Sears, Mrs. Sarah Hooper, Mrs. Clara F. Berry, Miss E. Pierce.

FIFTY CENTS EACH.

D. H. Darling, M. E. Shurtleff, C. Hill, Mary E. Kingsbury, H. E. Stevenson, Mary Canny, M. J. Carr.

Total, \$32.98.

OTHER SUMS.

Interest, \$36.25; publications sold, \$3.61.

Total receipts in November, \$236.24.

Publications Received From Kindred Societies.

Animal World. London, England.
Humane Journal. Chicago, Illinois.
Our Animal Friends. New York, N. Y.
Zoophilist. London, England.
Zoophilist. Naples, Italy.

A Drunken Porter and a Newfoundland Dog.

The large Newfoundland dog Heck, belonging to the St. Elmo Hotel, in Eldred, Penn., was widely known for his strength and intelligence. The porter of the hotel went to bed drunk. He was awakened by the loud barking of Heck, who was jumping frantically on his bed and seizing the pillow with his teeth. He sprang from the bed, but was so drunk that he fell to the floor. The dog seized him by the coat and dragged him out of the room and half way to the outer door of the office, when the man succeeded in getting to his feet, and, unlocking the door, staggered into the street. Fire was rapidly spreading over the building, and the hotel was filled with sleeping guests. The dog no sooner saw his helpless friend was safe than he dashed back into the house, and ran barking loudly upstairs. He first stopped at the door of his master's room, where he howled and scratched until the inmate was roused out of the burning building. He kept continually dashing about, piloting some half-dressed man or woman down stairs, only to at once return in search of others. Once a lady, with a child in her arms, tripped on the stairs while hurrying out, and fell to the bottom. The child was thrown on the floor of the hall some distance away. Heck had already brought the little one out, but it had not been restored to its mother. The dog saw the frantic rush of the mother to the burning building and sprang forward, and as a dozen hands seized the woman and held her back from her insane attempt to enter the house, disappeared with a bound over the burning threshold. Faithful Heck never appeared again. His remains were found in the ruins.

A Free Pass Over All Railroads.

Mrs. James P. Caldwell rode on a free pass, the other day from Mexico, Mo. to Leadville, Col., to see her son. This pass was given to her husband and herself twenty years ago, and is a Life Pass for both, and will pass them over any railroad in the United States. It was given them by the North Missouri Railroad company after they had respectfully declined the company's offer of \$10,000. How the company happened to offer the couple—who were well-to-do in the world—a gift of \$10,000, is told by *The Hannibal Journal*, thus:

In January, 1861, bushwhackers set fire to the bridge over Young's creek, and Mr. Caldwell got out of bed to check the flames. Then he hurried to Centralia to give the alarm, leaving his wife and children to keep the fire in check. It was a bitter cold night, and Mrs. Caldwell had to wrap her children in blankets, but despite the cold they worked and extinguished the flames. The bridge, however, had been reduced to a shell. Mrs. Caldwell knew that it could not bear up a train that was almost due, and, hurrying to her house, she got a lantern and stood on the bridge in the biting blasts of a January night until that train with its freight of human life had been warned and stopped.

—California Farmer.

Prices of Humane Publications.

The following publications can be obtained at our offices at cost prices, which does not include postage.

"Ten Lessons on Kindness to Animals," by Geo. T. Angell, at 2 cents for the whole ten bound together, or \$2.00 per 100
"Care of Horses," .45 "
"Cattle Transportation," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.10 "
"Protection of Animals," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.50 "
"Five Questions Answered," by G. T. Angell, .50 "
"The Check Rein," by G. T. Angell, .60 "
"The Marcet Tract," by G. T. Angell, (postage,) .05 "
"Band of Mercy Information," by Geo. T. Angell, 1.00 "
"How to Kill Animals Humanely," by Dr. D. D. Slade, .95 "
Humane Picture Card, "Waiting for the Master," .75 "
"Selections From Longfellow," 3.00 "
"Bible Lessons for Bands of Mercy," .45 "
"Service of Mercy," selections from Scripture, etc. .65 "
"Band of Mercy History," by Rev. T. Timmins, 12.50 "
"Band of Mercy Melodies," book form, 3c. each, or \$2 per 100.
Band of Mercy Register, 6 cents.
"Cards of Membership," 2 cents each.
All the above can be had in smaller numbers at the same rates.

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